

WHEN THE HOLLOW DRUM

Sung by M^{rs} Bland in the
MOUNTAINEERS

the Music by
D^r ARNOLD.

LIVERPOOL

Piano

Printed by Hume & Son, Castle Street & Church Street.

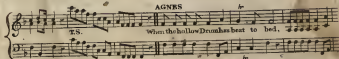
IVACE



AGNES

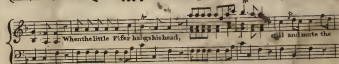
T.S.

When the hollow Drum has beat to bed,



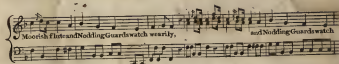
When the little Pifer hangs his head,

and mate the



Moorish Flute and Nodding Guards watch wearily,

and Nodding Guards watch



weari-ly, Then will we from Prison free, March out by Moonlight cheeri-ly.



then will we from Prison free, March out by Moonlight cheer - ly, when the Moorish Cymbals

clash by day, when the brazen Trumpets shrilly hwy,

The Slaves in vain may then complain, of Ty - ran - ny and kna - very,

of Tyran - ny and kna - very, would he know his time to go, and

sl - ly slip from sla - ve - ry, would you know his time to go, and sl - ly slip from

Sla - ve - ry, 'Tis when the hollow Drums has beat to bed,

When the little Fi - fer hangs his head, still and mute the

Moorish Flute, and nodding Guards watch wear-ly, still and mute the Moorish Flute, and
 nodding Guards watch wear-ly, O then must he from Prison free, march out by moonlight
 cheer-ly O then must he from Prison free march out by moonlight cheer-ly 'Tis
 when the hollow Drum has beat to bed, And the little Fi-fer,
 hangs his head, still and mute the Moorish Flute and
 nodding Guards watch wear-ly, and nodding Guards watch
 wear-ly.

German Flute or Guitar

VIVACE

When the hollow Drum has beat to bed, when the little Fi - fer hangs his head,
 still and mute the Moorish Flute and nod - ding Guards watch wear - i - ly, and
 nod - ding Guards watch wear - i - ly, then will we from Pri - son free march
 out by moonlight cheer - i - ly, then will we from Pri - son free march
 out by moonlight cheer - i - ly, When the Moorish Cym - bals clash by day
 When the brazen Trom - pets shril - ly bray the Slaves in vain may then complain of
 Ty - ran - ny and Kna - ve - ry of Ty - ran - ny and Kna - ve - ry
 would he know his time to go and sli - ly slip from Sla - ve - ry.
 would he know his time to go and sli - ly slip from sla - ve - ry.

'Tis when the hollow Drum has beat to bed,
 When the little Fifer hangs his head,
 Still and mute the Moorish flute
 And nodding Guards watch wearily,
 O then must he from Prison free
 March out by moonlight cheerily
 O then must he from Prison free
 March out by moonlight cheerily
 'Tis when the hollow Drum has beat to bed
 And the little Fifer hangs his head,
 Still and mute the Moorish flute
 And nodding Guards watch wearily